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[From Chamber's Journal.]  
**ADVENTURE ON THE ATLANTIC.**

A singular adventure once befell me on the wild coast of the north of Ireland, where the Atlantic heaves its billows against that giant barrier of black rock, which seems in stern defiance to say to the invader: "Here shall thy proud waves be staid." It brings a shudder to my heart to reflect in calmness on the only time in which I saw that threatening coast. I was a total stranger in that part of the world, and wanted to get to Scotland. I was told a Glasgow steamer called at a small town or village on the coast; and I took an Irish car, and set off on a journey of about twenty miles to meet the said steamer. I am not going to record any witty sayings of my droll Irish driver; they say wretchedness in Ireland has greatly passed away, and somehow it appears to me that Irish wit and humor have greatly passed away with it. Years ago, when the road I was traveling over was very bad, and the Irish miles were nearly half as long again as they are made now to measure, an Englishman, borne along on the same singular kind of conveyance as I was, complained to the driver most bitterly concerning the state of the roads, and the length of the miles in his unfortunate country. "Ah! sure, then, your honor, that's the very reason the miles be so long," was the answer; "because they're bad, we give you good measure." But now the roads are made bet, and the miles shortened, so that travelers do not so much require to be kept in good humor.

Arrived at a poor-looking small town, lying flat on the sea shore, my driver announced the object of that arrival to a man, who at once informed me that I must "go round the corner" in a boat, to get to the steamer. Seeing a white wall in the direction he pointed, I concluded that wall concealed the steamer from sight, and only took the precaution of bargaining for the sum to be paid for putting me on board of it. That, indeed, was speedily settled; it was not a great sum. An autumn afternoon was drawing on, and I had no inclination to check the hurried departure which the man seemed anxious to make. Without entering a house, I followed him to a boat, where he left me, to hasten away in search of another passenger. He secured two rather young men, and an old widow; they were all Scotch, and strangers like myself.

When we got "round the corner," the aspect of matters began to look strange. There was no steamer to be seen; but on went the boat out into the open sea; on and on it went; whether bound I knew not, nor do I believe the man himself did. The wind had been high all day, though the sun was bright; it rose higher and higher; the thick black wall of rock was seen at a distance, chafed by the white surge that tossed against it. The waves lifted up our fragile skiff, and from their summit we looked into gulfs from which it seemed impossible we could ever re-ascend. Seriously alarmed, I called to the boatman, entreating him to put back. I pointed landward—perhaps toward the rocks and the breakers—and begged him to land us over there. His answer was, "We will keep her afloat as long as we can." But his perplexed look, his wandering, anxious eye frightened me more than his words. The storm increased—land disappeared—the autumn afternoon drew on. No sign of a steamer in sight. Terror took hold of our souls; the men were white with fear. Beside me sat the little old Scotch woman, her widow's cap closely circling her small face, her hands clasped on her bosom, her eyes looking neither at the sea nor sky, but immovably directed straight before her; her lips incessantly repeating, in a clear, steady voice, heard distinctly amid the roar of wind and waters, an accumulation of texts which it seems surprising that her mind could at once collect on the same subject. "The voice of the Lord is on the deep; the voice of the Lord is on many waters." Such words came calmly sounding out amid the roar of the elements with a wonderful power, at least on my own troubled mind. When our heaving boat rode on the crest of a mighty billow, and the valley of the shadow of death seemed to open to us from below it, that calm, devout voice brought me that sense of relief which one feels when knowing that you are not in danger of meeting death in the midst of godless companions. "He holdeth the winds in the hollow of his hand;—Fear not, for I am with thee; he not dismayed, for I am thy God. When thou

passtest through the waters, I will be with thee."

There is something in the retrospect of a storm at sea so terribly magnificent, that those who have ever witnessed such can imagine what a strange sublimity was added, by such a visible commentary, to words in themselves so sublime. Never did I at all fully conceive the weight of those expressions until, while our mortal life seemed almost the plaything of the raging ocean, I heard that quiet old widow saying, "Fearful in praises; doing wonders. He holdeth our soul in life. He arose and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Be still."

That our strange boatman was now thoroughly terrified, and, indeed, at his wit's end, (which, I believe, it was not very hard to reach,) became quite evident, and his exclamation, after another survey of the dark horizon, gave us additional cause of fear, as we gathered round it his own apprehension that the steamer he had so madly come out to look for might have already passed on her way. A murmur of horror, and, from the two male passengers, of rage against him, broke forth as the fearful doubt arose; but on my part it was somewhat quieted by the voice beside me, "He maketh a path in the waters. He rideth on the wings of the wind. His footsteps are not known."

There was a short interval of deep silence. Evening was fast closing in; the sky was darkening and darkening. My old comforter was perhaps silently praying; for I could still see the hands clasped on her black dress. The eyes were now closed; but, after some minutes of such silence—whether it was the conclusion or not of her prayer, I do not know—she uttered the words, "For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen." How energetic, how real, seemed such an ascription of praise, such an acknowledgment of divine power! But singular, almost unlike reality, it seems, to add that almost simultaneously—at least before they were well ended—there was a cry from the boatman, "There she is! Praise be the Lord!"

Poor fellow! he was an Irishman, and half-witted as he must have been to have brought himself and us into such imminent peril, he uttered a thanksgiving not so often heard from more enlightened men among those who go down to the sea in ships.

The men started up. In the twilight was seen a trail of smoke—then a white chimney—then the great dark hull; and soon the stamping paddles, walking through the clashing billows, in which for six hours we had been tossing, still spared, while still almost ready to perish. Now, all our fear was that we should not be seen—be hidden in the trough of the sea just as our life-preserver passed us by. The men held red handkerchiefs aloft, and the boatman shouted. But the roar of the wind was louder than their shouts; and, as the means of safety approached, so did the torments of fear and suspense increase in intensity. I recollect holding up a white handkerchief, that was soon rent from my feeble hand, and borne away on the wings of the wind; and as I uttered a cry that had not escaped me before, the old Scotch woman murmured, "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom, then, shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"

On comes the great steamer; her noise is heard, her paddles are seen; but can she see us? Shout—shout louder still! We who cannot shout, cry to those who can. The shouts are not heard—the cries are borne away with the howling wind; the waves appear to roll over and bury them. But mercy is around us. We are seen. The steamer stops; and amid and above the roar of wind and wave, comes the deep-toned voice of the captain's speaking-trumpet, in sailor fashion, demanding, with the usual expletive, "Who the devil are you, and what are you doing there?"

Our boat nears the vessel, that looks a leviathan beside it; and a storm of furious objections is showered by the captain on our luckless boatman. A rope-ladder is hastily let down; the bulwarks are lined by all on board, full of wonder and compassion; up jump our two male companions, and are the first eagerly to ascend the ladder of safety, leaving the two women to follow if they please. I determined to follow the Scotch widow; though she was not the first to rise, I made her go before me. The pitching of the boat alongside of the steamer was frightful. The firm voice of the captain and sailors above us, by offering safety, seemed to make each instant of danger more sensibly felt. But lo! the calm, pious, steadfast heart of the old widow fails at the final moment; she has crept about half way up the ladder, and there she sticks, flat against the side of the tossing steamer. In vain the captain commands, the mate entreats, the sailors encourage; there she sticks, as if fastened to the ship's side. Her hands have grasped, with a sort of death clutch, a step of the ladder of rope, and nothing can unclasp them; nor can she be moved up or down. In vain I urged her to let me save myself. There I am in the pitching boat, the unhappy boatman urging me from below, and the sailors urging her from above. The men were wise to save themselves first; they are looking down on us now, perhaps, and thinking what foolish, helpless creatures women are.

At last the words "haul up the ladder," are pronounced by the captain, comfortable for me to hear, without knowing if it will ever be lowered again. The smiling, good-natured sailors repeat the order, and up goes the rope-ladder. "Lay it flat on the deck," is the word, and the ladder and clinging Scotch woman are laid prostrate there—she on her face, with hands closed in that death-clasp round the rope, senseless and cold as if life had indeed departed. If they cut that step of the ladder away to which she clung, or found some other means of extricating it from her grasp, I know not; but just as I was believing myself abandoned, I heard a sailor's cheery voice, "Another woman in the boat!" "Lower the ladder; and as soon as she puts a foot on it, haul up and lay it on the deck," says the mate. Now, I had a small basket and an umbrella in the boat, and I wished to save them with myself; so, when the hope of doing so revived, I took up my basket and umbrella, and before I got well on the ladder, I let the mate who gave these orders see that I had them in charge, and then said, "Will you be so good as to let me go up by myself, if you please?"

They did so; and the captain himself gave me his hand and drew me up on deck, saying, "You are a brave woman; your life is worth saving."

Ah, captain you ought to be a good judge, but not half so brave as I as that good Scotch woman whom you have just hauled up, and laid on your deck, clinging to a morsel of rope.

I did not say those words; underserved praise perhaps overcame me, for I burst into tears, and showed the stout captain I was anything but a brave woman or a good sailor, or, indeed, at all worth saving, though I could climb up a ladder of rope by the side of a steamer rolling heavily on the billows of the Atlantic.

[For the Henderson Reporter.]  
**"THOSE EYES."**

BY J. SHANNON BLACKWELL.

In standing in the broad doorway  
Of a crowded, busy store,  
A lady, far from the quay  
Of monumental Baltimore,  
Passed down the street with graceful sweep  
As the sweet moon, rising, her watch to keep.

Nearing the corner of the street,  
She turned her fair face around,  
And when her glances so softly retreat,  
Our optics met, we stood spell-bound.  
For from her bright, expressive eyes  
A language broke, in sunbeam sighs.

'Twas just a look, that's all, but yet,  
We saw the blazing fire within  
And knew that sorrow's gleams ne'er wet  
A soul kept warm by glances in  
She onward passed, like others do,  
And soon from us was lost to view.

Her eyes were like the midnight hour,  
We envied her, for we knew their power  
Suppressed the mighty Jacobinist—  
And, (which woman's worth ne'er mours),  
She was fair as the "Goddess of the stars."

Her lips were of the richest glow  
Which on the good ripe cherry lies,  
But all we thought or cared to know  
Was who belonged to those bright eyes—  
For in their depths a freshness dwelt,  
And at whose shrine we would have knelt.

Her glances struck into our heart  
Like meteors thro' a summer sky.  
Whose fiery beams refulgent start  
To dazzle many a wondering eye—  
So thro' our soul the dart did glide—  
Love clinched it on the other side.

When sorrow presses on our brow,  
And dull care winds her gloomy chain  
Around our heart, we'll think of now,  
And look into those eyes again—  
For who could resist their witching power?  
Not us, should they flash out life's dark hour.

But hark! she comes up street again,  
I hear her graceful feet, but who's  
That with her?—free from pain  
He walks and talks—while we've the blues;  
I'll stand it no longer—"Say, boy, go see,  
Ask Joe Semoun to unravel the mystery."

HENDERSON, Ky., Jan. 9, 1863.

George Frances Train is a Boston man, but he does not seem to admire the Puritan Abolition spirit of New England. In a late lecture at Chicago, he said: "The New York Herald was the best paper on the continent, the New York Tribune was the very worst, and the Chicago Tribune was the next in bad qualities. It was damaging Chicago and the whole North-west. He had thought better things of Chicago, but when he came here and found out that the Board of Trade had kicked out the Times, he was prepared to believe that they would try to revise school-books, and conduct an examination on the Abolition platform before any person was permitted to do anything. They were showing themselves on a par with the Massachusetts people, who had set up the nigger as their God, and had now a nigger Legislature, a nigger Union, nigger Constitution, nigger Lexington and Bunker Hill, and did not want the Union to be preserved unless slavery went down. They had also a nigger University, and had put over its gates the words 'No admittance here unless on nigger business.' At the conclusion of his speech he proposed three cheers for the American Union, and three more for the American Empire, South, and West, and North, nigger and white."

For the Henderson Reporter.  
**CHILDHOOD RECOLLECTIONS.**

He who has forgotten the incidents of his childhood, has severed all the dearest and tenderest ties that bind him to earth, and destroyed the sources from which flow the sweetest impulses that the human heart is destined to feel in this life. No dignity, or social rank attained, no ambition gratified, no laurel wreath of fame perfected, can ever compensate for the loss of childhood's innocent sports and joys. The exchange of

The mother's cot among the trees,  
Where softly swept the summer breeze,  
O'er verdant woods and flow'ry leas,  
Echoing children's happy glees,

for the stately palace of the austere man of business, is a sad bargain, ever to be repented, but never revoked, save in the reveries of the heart, faithful to the days of its purest innocence. "The long past" is the Eden of all our sweetest dreams—the home of the fairies and geni of the nursery tales—the paradise of our primeval innocence. "Jack-the-Giant-Killer," "Puss-in-Boots" and "Blue-Beard" are as real personages then, as Caesar, Alexander, Hannibal and Napoleon of the school-boy days. The "Melodies of Mother Goose" are far more enchanting than the most glorious refrains of the modern opera, and the Jews-harp and "first whistle" are not to be compared with the Mozart and Jennie Lynd performances on the organ or piano-forte. The childhood days form our "Paradise Lost"—our heaven, containing "all things fair and bright." In it are the sweetest music, the loveliest scenes, and the purest angels of which we can have any rational conception. It is the home we have left, around which clings all the tenderest ties of the heart, but to which we can never return.

Let no one, who would enjoy pure and elevated impulses of soul, strive to forget his mother's home, because the sunlight that first dawned upon his infant eyes streamed through the clinks of a log cabin. In the heart of the rustic woman, that pressed you to her bosom and called you "son," was a brier fountain of love for you than you will ever be permitted to sip from mortal lips again; and the peasant farmer, or mechanic, who guided your infant steps and supplied your early wants, labored for you with a more disinterested zeal and honesty than you will ever meet again on earth. If you would not have a heart as cold and unfeeling as Arctic icebergs, never forget the rough hands, the peasant hearts and rustic prayers, elevated to the well-being of your infant years. Let no one, who would retain a human heart, crowd his life so full of business, or pleasure, or schemes of ambition, that he cannot, often, lay aside his blotters and ledgers, or cease from his "busy rounds of festive mirth," long enough to turn over the delicate pages of early recollections. Byron, Moore, Shakespeare, Milton and Pope may charm the intellect and imagination into raptures; but the book of early recollections contains the true poetry of the heart. There is no strained effort at artificial elegance, no sophistry, no mythological erudition. It is a simple record, upon the tablet of memory, of the feelings and actions of innocent young hearts,—yet strangers to the artificial hypocrisy of polished society,—the susceptibilities of the senses as Nature's God created them, untarnished by the withering and blasting touch of a false, corrupt education, and unblunted by a too familiar contact with a depraved and vitiated world.

Oh, the sweet hours of childhood!  
When Nature is all fresh and bright.

It was not a period of romance. The young heart knew nothing but truth: it had boundless faith in everything. The Nursery Tales were oracles; "the man in the moon" was gazed upon with wonder, but not with doubt; and the blue sky was the real floor of the Heaven above it. "The Good Man" was looking down thro' the star-windows, and "the Old Boy" was near enough to get all "bad children." Real ghosts walked about at night, and haggard old witches transformed themselves into cats and hares, made stirrups in horses' manes, and could only be killed with silver bullets. Pa was really the greatest man in the world, and Ma was the prettiest and loveliest woman, and the best mother. Ah, cruel time! to tear away such sweet delusions. But the tender faculties were sweetly sensitive to Nature's visible and audible beauties. The world, which, from the rising to the setting sun, was "more than a hundred miles wide," was full of spiritual life. Millions of spiritual beings walked the Earth. Flowers were living things to be talked

to, reasoned with, and petted; the fallen mulberry leaf was a big gold dollar, and he who had the "maniest" of them was richest. Hazel-nuts and chestnuts formed "the stock in trade," the circulating medium, and the legal tender. The little rivulet, "back of the house," with the bright little minnows sporting in its clear waters, was a perpetual wonder. The old gray cliffs that formed its border, the moss and snow-drops that grew along its banks, and the giant trees that grew on the adjacent hill, and mingled their branches with the clouds, were ever objects of admiration. We stood in the cabin door, and shouted, with full hearts of glee, till our noses and fingers were blue, from cold, while "the old woman was picking her geese," and clothing the wintry world with the feathers of snow. We watched, with raptures, the summer rain, as the gusty wind made the big drops fall "cross-legged," and form cups in the puddles; and laughed heartily at the hens running under the old ash-hopper for shelter, till a loud peal of thunder drove us so close to our mother that she had to stop her flax-wheel, until she could reassure us. And then, when the rain was over, and the rainbow, with a bag of diamonds where it came to the ground, spanned the receding thunder-cloud, we paddled out, through the mud and water, barefoot, and waded through all the puddles and branches that came in our way, until we came to "the big branch," where we launched miniature boats on its swollen tide till the cataracts, dashing down over the cliffs, caught our attention, and awed us into silent admiration. I have never heard sweeter music than the literal "voice of many waters" that swelled up, in Nature's grandest harmony, from the hundred rivulets that dashed down among the cliffs that skirted the little green dell.

How sweet to the heart are these childhood pictures! Let us never allow them to be effaced. They cheer our hearts amid the sad scenes of life. And when we sit down in the armed chair of old age, we will ponder them o'er, and hope that they will be reproduced in Heaven.

ANON.  
HENDERSON, Ky., January, 1863.

**SUCCESS.**

Success, we may say, is a hideous affair enough. Men are taken by its spurious resemblance to merit. In the eyes of the multitude, to get on has much the same profile as to be absolutely the best. Success, that Menuchemus of talent, has one end—history. Juvenal and Tacitus are the only ones who kick at it. In the present day it keeps at its beck a kind of official philosophy, which wears the livery of success, and dances attendance in its ante-chamber. Get on, and what follows? To be in clover is to be clever. You win at a lottery, and you are set down as an able man. It is the winner who is worshipped. Be born with a silver spoon, and your fortune's made. Have bad luck, and the rest won't lag behind. Be but fortunate, and you will be thought great. With five or six immense exceptions, which are the glory of an age, the admiration of cotemporaries is mere weakness of sight. Gilding goes for gold. Where you come from matters nothing; where you get to is all in all. The vulgar is an elderly Narcissus, in love with himself and applauding what is vulgar. Those faculties of enormous power, by virtue of which a man is a Moses, an Aeschylus, a Dante, a Michael Angelo, or a Napoleon, are awarded by the multitude "at once," and by acclamation, to any one who makes a good hit in no matter what.

Let an attorney turn himself into a deputy, a sham Cornelle write a *Trifidates*, a euch become possessor of a harem, a military Prudhomme gain by accident the decisive battle of the day, an apothecary invent soles of pasteboard for the army of Sambre-et-Meuse, and with this pasteboard which he sells for leather makes himself an income of 400,000 francs, let a man with a pack on his back take usury to wife and bring her to bed of seven or eight millions, of which he is the father and she the mother, let a preacher whine himself into a bishop, let the steward of a well-to-do family be so rich on leaving his place as to be made Minister of Finance—men give all this the name of genius, just as they gave the name of beauty to the face of Moesqueton, and that of majesty to the neck and shoulders of Claude. They mistake for the stars of the firmament the splay which a duck makes as it paddles about in the soft mud of a boggy ground.—*Les Miserables.*

A gentleman from Iowa has obtained a patent for making wine from sorghum, which is said by connoisseurs at Washington to be equal to Madeira. It can be made for twenty-cents per gallon. A fine quality of rum is made of the same produce.

Immorality wrecks more fortunes than adversity, and bad habits make more bankrupts than bad trade.

Correspondence of the New York Tribune.  
**The French Mediation Policy.**

WASHINGTON, Saturday, January 3.—The news received by the last European mail fully corroborates the statements I made in my last letter concerning the disposition of the French Emperor to follow up his design of mediation, and to offer his services to our Government for the settlement of our difficulties. All the dispatches received by the foreign Ministers at Washington indicate such a design, and, if I am not mistaken, Mr. Seward must, by this time, be as well posted on that point as any one of these gentlemen. But, as I have already told you, the proposition will be made in the most friendly spirit, and will carefully avoid any expression of sentiment which might arouse the suspicion or offend the susceptibilities of the American people.

According to the information I have received from trustworthy sources, all proceedings referring to mediation were suspended, after the answer of England and Russia, till the opinions of the American people on that subject had reached the French Government. Immediately after, however, a Cabinet council was convened, in which it was decided that the project of mediation should be forwarded to M. Mercier, to be presented to Mr. Seward.

But in order to make this measure coincide with the high regards which France professes toward other Governments, it was resolved that the project once rejected by England and Russia should be submitted again to those two powers for reconsideration, before forwarding to America.

To that effect the ambassadors of France to London and St. Petersburg were instructed to request Lord Russell and Prince Gortschakoff, since the time for mediation in American affairs had not as yet, in their estimation, arrived, to have the kindness to state what would constitute, in their eyes, the condition of affairs in which they would deem themselves authorized to offer their mediation, and the time at which this condition would be likely to present itself.

At the same time they were advised to make these two powers understand that the French Government was fully persuaded that the time for a mediation was now most opportune, and that it was its intention, should they refuse to consider their first decision, to act alone in the matter.

The latest news received from Europe states that the English and Russian Governments, sensible of the kind regards of the French Cabinet, have taken this second offer into consideration, and are now discussing the propriety of acting conjointly with it in this matter.

**AN INDIAN STORY.**

There is an Eastern story, which has its version in many languages, of a beautiful damsel to whom a genius of surpassing power desired to give a talisman. He enjoined her to take herself across a field of standing corn; she was to pluck the largest and tallest ear she could find, but she was to gather it as she went forward, and never pause in her path to step backward in search of her object. In proportion to the size and richness of the ear she gathered, so would be its power as a talisman. She went out upon her quest, says the legend, and entered upon the field. Many a tall stalk of surpassing excellence met her glance, but still she walked onward, expecting always to find some one more excellent still. At last she reached a portion of the field where the crops were thinner and the ears more stunted. She regretted the tall and graceful stalks she had left behind, but disdained to pick those which fell so far below what her ideas were of a perfect ear. But, alas! the stems grew more ragged and more scanty as she trod onward; on the margin of the field they were milled, and when she had accomplished her walk through the waving grain, she emerged on the other side without having gathered any ear whatever. The genius rebuked her for her folly, but we are told that he gave her an opportunity of retrieving her error. We may apply this mystic little Indian fable to the realities of daily life.

**Commonplace Women.**

Heaven knows how many simple-minded women, have been kissed, cherished, and wept over by men of far loftier intellect. Therefore it is no marvel that the childish epistle of Hope Anstead was read and reread with lingering and throbbing heart. It is a lesson worth learning by those young creatures who seek to allure by their accomplishments, or to dazzle by their genius, that though he may admire, no man ever loves a woman for these things. He loves her for what is essentially distinct from, though not incompatible with them—her woman's nature and her woman's heart. This is why we so often see a man of high genius or intellectual power pass by the De Stael and the Corinnes to take unto his bosom some wayside flower, who has nothing on earth to make her worthy of him, except that she is—what some few of your "female celebrities" are—a true woman.

The youngest and prettiest girl is no chicken, if she is a goose. It is beauty's privilege to kill time, and time's privilege to kill beauty.

The secret of two is a good secret; the secret of three is nobody's secret.



# REPORTER.

J. S. SPIDEL, EDITOR.

## CITY OF HENDERSON.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1863.

### TERMS:

One copy six months, ..... \$1 00  
One copy one year, ..... 2 00  
Clubs of five, one year, ..... \$1 75 each.  
Clubs of ten, one year, ..... 1 50 each.  
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Magistrate's Executions,  
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and are prepared to print to order, on short notice, legal blanks of every description.

### WANTED!

An industrious boy, fourteen or fifteen years of age, who can read and write, to learn the printing business. Apply at this office.

### THE NEWS.

The steamer Creole arrived at New York on the 11th, from New Orleans on the 31. She brought dispatches to Gen. Halleck. The purser of the Creole makes the following report:

I learn that early on the morning of the 1st, the rebels made an attack, by land and water, on the Federal forces at Galveston. Our gunboats were attacked by five rebel steamers, protected by double rows of bales of cotton, and loaded with troops, armed with rifles, muskets, &c.

The Harriet Lane was captured by boarding, after about all her officers, including Captain Waynwright and Lieut. Lee, and the crew, 130, all told, had been killed by musketry from the rebel steamers.

My informant states that but one or two of the officers, and but twelve or fifteen of the crew escaped death.

The gunboats Clifton and Owasco were engaged, and escaped, the former losing no men and but one wounded. The Owasco lost one killed and thirteen wounded. Two barks loaded with coal fell into the hands of the enemy. The Westfield, the flag-ship of Commodore Renshaw, was not engaged, being ashore in another channel. Her crew were transferred to transports, and Renshaw, fearing she might fall into the hands of the rebels, blew her up.

By some mismanagement, or accident, the explosion occurred before the boat containing Renshaw, Lieut. Zimmerman and the boat's crew got away, and they were consequently blown up with the ship.

The crew of the Westfield arrived at New Orleans on transports, and the remaining troops are on the way back.—They did not arrive until the place had been evacuated. All the fleet are on the way to New Orleans. The rebel force was estimated at about 5,000, under General Magruder.

Our land force, under command of Colonel Burrill, of Massachusetts, probably did not exceed 300; the residue did not arrive, or not being disembarked in time to fight. Our loss was estimated at from 150 to 200 killed, and 200 taken prisoners, the navy suffered most. It is thought the rebel loss was much more, as our guns were firing grape and cannister continually into their midst. The rebels had several batteries on shore. The Federal troops were on one of the long wharves, and, it is said, repulsed two charges of the rebels before they surrendered.

The following is from the Richmond Examiner of the 10th: A special dispatch to the Charleston papers says that Bragg addressed the citizens of Decherd and Winchester, Tennessee, on Monday, assuring them that he would not leave them, but make a stand between Alliance and Fort Makoma. He had fallen back to give his men repose after a battle had exhausted the enemy. The Yankees have advanced six miles from Murfreesboro.

CHARLESTON, January 8.—The following is from Kingston, N. C., January 8th: "The enemy are making immense preparations for an advance. Reinforcements are daily arriving from Suffolk. The Yankees at Morehead City and Newbern are about 50,000 strong, under General Foster. They will probably attack Charleston, Wilmington, Weldon and Goldsboro simultaneously. It is reported they are now cooking their marching rations."

The Richmond Enquirer of the 10th contains the following:

"ALEXANDRIA, N. C., January 11.—The State Journal has reliable information from Newbern that the enemy has not less than 80,000 men on the coast, and that a most formidable fleet is at Beaufort. It is supposed an attack is meditated on Wilmington and Goldsboro."

There was a sharp fight at Springfield, Mo., last week. General Brown commanded the Federal troops, and was severely wounded in the shoulder. The Confederates entered the Federal stockades on the evening of the 8th. A very large amount of army stores, arms and ammunition, etc., were at Springfield, and they doubtless were the chief incentive to the Confederate attack. The rebels were finally repulsed and left the Federals in possession of the town. Col. Crabb telegraphs Gen. Curtis the Federal loss at 17, and says "we buried 35 rebels, and many more were taken off the field."

The Michigan Legislature re-elected Mr. Chandler to the United States Senate, for six years, on the 8th inst.

A Cairo telegram of the 11th says:—"By an arrival to-night from the mouth of the Yazoo River, we have authentic accounts from Vicksburg," and continues:

Sherman's repulse was complete. The entire force under the direction of McClernand re-embarked on Saturday on transports, closely pressed by the rebel advance, which, coming in range of the gunboats, was driven back with severe loss.

At last accounts the entire fleet of transports with troops, had arrived at Island No. 82, on their way to Napoleon.

The Illinois Legislature met last week. The following resolution was passed on the 8th by both Houses, only one member voting against it:

Resolved, That we are profoundly convinced of the truth, and approve of the declaration of General Jackson in his Farewell Address, that "the Constitution cannot be maintained, nor the Union preserved, in opposition to the public feeling by the mere execution of coercive power of the Government. The foundation must be laid in the affections of the people, in the security it gives to life, liberty and property in every quarter of the country, and in the fraternal attachments which the citizens of the several States bear to one another as members of one political family, materially contributing to promote the happiness of each other."

A resolution was offered endorsing the President's Emancipation Proclamation, and was laid on the table by a vote of 49 against 33.

Hon. W. A. Richardson has been elected to the United States Senate.

A Wilmington, N. C., dispatch, of the 10th, says: "The iron steamer Giraffe, with a valuable cargo of Government stores, and a special messenger from Europe, arrived at a Confederate port today."

A Murfreesboro' dispatch of the 9th, says: "The loss of the rebels increases daily. Two thousand of their wounded were sent to Laverne yesterday. Many more were left here, but cannot be moved, as their wounds are frightful, and most of them will die." A later dispatch says:

"Laverne has been accidentally burned, so that the rebel wounded have to be sent to Nashville and thence to Louisville for treatment."

We clip the following from the Evansville Journal, of Tuesday:

"A Good Crop.—The steamers Mattie Cook and Hattie Gilmore arrived from Bowling Green yesterday morning early, with deck crowded with rebel prisoners, who were captured at Murfreesboro'. We believe about 1,000 were to be brought down Green River, but the third boat had not arrived up to a late hour in the afternoon. Among the prisoners were a good many officers, who were given the freedom of the city, and manifested little hesitation in airing their plantation manners, much to the delight of some of their sympathizing friends in this locality."

The rebels generally were stout looking men, and were warmly clothed. Their shoes were very good—fully equal perhaps to those of the Union troops.—They seemed also to be in fine spirits and banded words with citizens in a manner that evinced the utmost indifference to their surroundings. They were evidently determined to "keep a stiff upper lip."

Another boat with between 200 and 300 more prisoners on board arrived at Evansville on Tuesday. The privateers are to be exchanged as soon as circumstances will admit. All commissioned officers have been sent to Camp Chase, we understand, by order of Gen. Rosecrans, to be kept in confinement until the order of Jeff. Davis' proclamation, requiring captured Federal officers to be put in close confinement, is rescinded.

Charles H. Sandefur, formerly of this place, taken prisoner near Murfreesboro, is in the city. He was one among the number on boats which stopped at Evansville. He reports that Eugene L. Johnston, acting Lieut., and Decius Wayne, also of this place, were killed. Levi Rudy was wounded in the arm. Green L. Higginson, of Uniontown, was killed by a cannon ball.

The Kentucky Legislature met on the 8th inst. Governor Robinson's message, the most important part of which we publish to-day, recommends the Legislature to reject the President's Emancipation Proclamation, and protest against any interference with our State policy as unwarranted by the Constitution, and thinks the Proclamation giving freedom to slaves in rebellious States inflicts upon Kentucky a fatal though indirect blow.—He says the saddest fact of the Proclamation will be to fire the whole South into one burning mass of inextinguishable hate, and destroy all hope of restoring the Union, which is only possible by adhering to the Constitution as it was; and, further, that the most alarming aspect of the Proclamation is the usurpation of the powers of the Government by the President, under the plea of a military necessity. He advises the Legislature to place on record their protest against the Proclamation. The message is an able document, and deserves to be read with interest by every one.

Senator Bayard was re-elected United States Senator from Delaware on the 9th inst.

### MESSAGE OF GOVERNOR ROBINSON.

To the General Assembly of Kentucky, at the A. Journal Session, Jan. 8, 1863.

The first part of the message of Governor Robinson is devoted to a brief review of the origin of the rebellion, the course Kentucky has pursued, and the aid she has rendered to the National Government. He approves of the grant made by Congress, for the establishment of agricultural colleges, and recommends the Legislature to take steps to comply with the conditions of the grant. The second half of the message is devoted to the slavery question, in relation to the President's Proclamation of Emancipation.—This portion we give in full:

From this brief but not vain-glorious allusion in the action of Kentucky, one would naturally suppose that so much loyalty and so much sacrifice would have endeared her to all her sister States, and that her rights would have been most scrupulously regarded. But has it been so? Has Kentucky no right to complain of a disregard of those rights, and frequently of a wanton violation of them.—Let this important question be answered by setting forth the wrongs she has suffered and which daily increase in frequency and violence.

She has a right to complain that her neutrality has been denounced in the halls of Congress as either treasonable or cowardly or both. This is a most unkind return to those patriotic and loyal men, who, perfectly understanding the difficulties in their path, adopted the only line of policy that could stem the tide of Southern sympathy, and in so doing kept safely to her moorings a great State which, if it had been lost to the Union, would greatly have weakened the National strength, if it had not indeed changed the whole character of the war. But this perhaps is an ephemerical wrong which eventually may recoil upon its perpetrators and be visited upon them with contemporaneous and historic contempt.

She has a right to complain, that since the occupancy of her country by the Federal troops, the rights of property have not been duly respected. Under the specious plea of "military necessity," farms have been laid waste, provisions have been seized, forage has been collected, and instead of being bought in open market, where the supply would have been ample and the competition fair, Commissaries have gone with teams and soldiers, taking grain and other commodities from the farmers at whatever price the Commissaries chose to affix to them, and utterly regardless whether the farmers could spare them or not, and instead of prompt payment, leaving in its stead cumbrous certificates which have to pass through many hands before they are properly audited, and then to pass into the general vortex of Governmental claims. In consequence of this oppressive and inexcusable, because unnecessary conduct, many of our farmers have been deprived of the means of subsisting their own stock during the present winter, and the direct and consequential losses to them have been ruinous in the extreme. Yet even this might have and has been borne as one of the unpleasant concomitants that follow the marches or encampments of troops; but still it is a matter of wonder to Kentuckians why a different rule prevails on the opposite side of the river. Why is it that all supplies are bought and paid for in Ohio, the Government coming in as any other purchaser, while the same things are unceremoniously seized in Kentucky? Had Kentucky lost any of her equality with other loyal States, and, if not, who is responsible for making a disparaging difference with her?

I call your attention to these as among the many annoyances our people endure; and perhaps they complain less of them because there looms up before them a more gigantic evil—one, the bare contemplation of which sickens the heart and fills all with gloomy and dreadful forebodings.—I allude to the disturbance of the slave property of Kentucky.

Whether it would have been better for her that the institution had never been incorporated in her civil polity it is useless now to inquire. It was brought from our old mother, Virginia, and by men who had fought through the Revolutionary War until its triumphant conclusion. Whatever Utopian notions there may be about African liberty, these men had achieved American freedom. It came among us unnumbered with prejudices, and the gradual growth of a century of mutual accommodation until the relative rights of master and slave were fully understood and so administered as to lead to mutual prosperity and advancement. The African captive, the creature of superstitious ignorance and savage cruelty, was gradually emerging from his low estate to one of comprehension of the true principles of the Christian religion and human civilization. He had broken his idols and worshipped with fervor and intelligence the great God of the Universe. To such an extent had this amelioration progressed, that, at this day, and in this State, to compare the American of African descent with his Caffree or Hottentot progenitor would be absurd. This advancement had been under the tutelage of a humane but necessary subjection to a superior race, and if false humanity violates it, the result will be, that the "American of African descent" must either revert to his original barbarism, or perish from the earth, the victim of a liberty he could not appreciate, or the victim of vices that have already exterminated the aboriginal savage.

Kentucky in separating from the "Old Dominion" engrafted the institution upon her own fundamental law, and from that day to this it has been uninterruptedly protected by her own constitutional and legislative enactments. Her right to this species of property has never been questioned. It is sanctioned in the National Covenant, has been protected by Congressional provision for its recovery, and

solemnly adjudicated by the Supreme Court. Kentucky held it liable to the incidents of the status, and bore with much patience the losses sustained by those who were fugitives from labor. She lost annually from this cause more than any State in the Union; yet she never attempted violence in its recovery. Although she had much complaint against fanatic citizens of the North-western States, she felt the force of the distinction between irresponsible individuals and the acts of those great Commonwealths. She therefore did not consider those vexatious interferences from her neighbors as just cause for her to break up the fraternity of sister States, or to seek redress outside the Constitution of the United States.—She was aware that that instrument, faithfully administered, constituted her best safeguard for her slave and every other species of property, and when an attempt was made to seduce her from her allegiance she frowned indignantly upon the first seductive enticements upon her loyalty. In the antecedent pretexts and preparations for the rebellion she took no part.

As an abstract question, and one of but little practical value, she looked on with indifference upon the Kansas imbroglio—regarding it as more speculative than of real importance, considering that according to the conceded rights of the States each Territory, on becoming a State, would settle the question according to the view it took of its own interests. And hence in the Presidential election, while she chose for her own candidate one who maintained the abstract view of the Southern question, she was glad to see the Northern side announcing in their Chicago Platform a distinct disavowal of any right or purpose to interfere with slavery in the States where it already existed by law. To this position the successful candidate was unmistakably committed, and hence it was, that while Kentucky was disappointed by the defeat of her own candidate, she felt hopeful that no impassable barrier had been presented to a peaceful adjustment of all pending difficulties. She never allowed herself for one moment to stop to discuss the value of the Union. In her estimation nothing could compare with it in value, or compensate for its loss; and hence, when the Southern politicians made bare their treasonable purposes, regardless of the disruption it made in her own social fabric, and the utter derangement and ruin of her commercial interests, she took her stand on the side of the Union and has maintained it with her treasure and her blood. The Constitution of the Union has not yet been changed, and, with her consent, never shall be.

But since the commencement of this civil war there has suddenly grown up a theory outside of and above the Constitution, and a new doctrine has been introduced into practical exhibition—that military necessity is not to be measured by constitutional limits, but must be the judge of the extent of its powers. As an offshoot from this political heresy there have appeared among us not only anti-slavery propagandists, but men who have actually presumed to override our own State laws and turn regiments brought here ostensibly for our protection into cities of refuge for runaway slaves. To such an extent has this been carried, that not only have our citizens been driven from the camps where they have traced their property into the possession of the soldiers, but the civil officers have been prevented from serving any process for their recovery.—This high-handed and iniquitous conduct is daily and hourly weakening the cause of the Union and paralyzing the efforts to suppress the rebellion. And, in addition to all this, it is putting the State to imminent peril. It is asking too much of the citizen to expect him to fold his arms in quiet submission when his property is taken from him in his very presence, and to be rudely thrust aside at the point of the bayonet when he attempts to reclaim it. Your State laws are already ample for redress of offenses against the property of the citizen, as the same have been ordinarily committed; but I suggest to you the propriety of other and more stringent laws against the infamous practice of Abolition soldiers in this particular, and to do this effectually there should be a solemn reaffirmation of the great truth that in all free Governments the military is and must be subject to the civil authority, and by proper legislation give it a practical meaning by providing for its maintenance at all hazards.

It is but just to add that this accusation does not apply indiscriminately to all the regiments that have been quartered in Kentucky. The commanders of many of them oppose the practice so far as they can do so consistently with what they believe to be their duty as subject to the rules and articles of war and the proclamation of the President of the United States, issued on the 22d of September last. To that proclamation I would now call your especial attention.

While I am willing to believe that the President thought that his proclamation would have a beneficial effect in expediting the close of the war, it is now apparent that he has lent too facile an ear to the schemes of Abolition partisan leaders, who have practiced upon his patriotic heart, blinded his better judgment, alarmed his fears, and induced him to publish a manifesto from which nothing but evil, and that continually, can flow. As an operative edict in the Southern rebellious States, it can have no other effect than to strengthen them in their rebellion and give a tolerable pretext to their cause. He might with as much reason have issued a proclamation to them to lay down their arms. Both equally expose him to a contemptuous rejection of his scheme.

But he makes a distinction between slavery in the rebel States and slavery in the loyal States, and proposes to the latter compensated emancipation as an equivalent for their surrender of the institution itself. It is probable that this proposition

was intended especially for Kentucky; but how vain is an offer when there is no power to accept it, even if there was a disposition to do so? Kentucky's Constitution fixes the institution as a part of her settled policy, and the question is a concluded one, only to be reopened by the call of a Convention and the adoption of a new Constitution. This could not, owing to the provisions of the instrument, be effected until many years have elapsed—a period before the arrival of which it is to be hoped this wretched war will have been brought to a close.

But even if there were no constitutional impediment in the way, his proposition would be as ought to be promptly rejected. Kentucky understands her own interests too well to be thankful for gratuitous advice as to the mode in which she should manage them; and when she wants the assistance of any outside administration for her affairs, she claims the privilege of originating the suggestion. I would therefore suggest the propriety of your passing a resolution, by way of response to the President's proposition, that Kentucky rejects it; and at the same time, in behalf of her own unquestioned rights as an independent power in the control of her own State polity, protests against any interference with it as unwarranted by the Constitution of the United States.

After thus disposing of what may be considered as especially addressed to Kentucky, I would call your attention to the proclamation of the President, declaring freedom to all slaves in the rebel States, and forbidding the interference of the armies of the United States with any who were endeavoring to assert their freedom.

I have thought it becoming my official station to say what I have in relation to so much of the proclamation as looked to an admission or rejection of it by our State. But Kentucky is equally involved in the material branch of the proclamation which undertakes, by a Presidential edict, to emancipate, instantly, all the slaves in the rebellious States. These may, without an exaggeration of their numbers, be set down at four millions.—Abstracting them from the aggregate of the slave population of the United States, and there remains a mere fragment in Delaware; not over one hundred thousand in Maryland; about fifty thousand in Missouri; and by the last census two hundred and twenty-five thousand in Kentucky. So that it is apparent that Kentucky has the largest residuary interest, supposing that the proclamation is enforced in the Southern States.—That the value of this interest must be reduced to nothing by the successful operation of the President's ultimatum, is too manifest for argument. Is there any reason why Kentucky should be subjected to this indirect but no less fatal blow?

Is there any thing in the Constitution of the United States that warranted it?—Was there any thing in Congressional legislation that warranted it? And does any subsequent indorsement by a partisan Congress relieve it from its original usurpation? I think that one may search in vain for any such power given to the President in the Constitution of the United States; and any exercise of powers not granted therein is an attempt to save the Union out of and not in it.—Kentucky and all loyal States hold it to be a fundamental doctrine that the Union, if saved at all, must be saved in strict conformity to the Constitution; and not in violation of it. The truth is so clear that argument is superfluous. No one at all versed in the spirit or the letter of our institutions can seriously contend for such powers as the President undertakes to exercise in his proclamation. The assumption of them has alarmed the American mind, and the contemplation of the result of them has grieved the American heart. Disguise the purpose as you may, it is in truth an inducement to seville insurrection; by giving it a probability of success in forbidding the army to interfere. I will not pause here to depict the horrors of a seville war; no imagination can conceive of them—no pen can paint them. Even the sanguinary Cataline, impressed with the sense of the horrors of seville war, and scrupulously regarding the dignity of Roman citizenship, rejected the aid of slaves, although they flocked in great numbers to his standard. And those slaves were men of the same generic root as the Romans, and many of them educated in the arts and arms. This historic truth might have been heeded with profit by the President, and the force of it is immensely increased from the fact that the "American citizens of African descent" are the progeny of a brutal ancestry, and of a different race from our own.

But suppose his plan succeeds so far as to give freedom to four millions of slaves, and that it is effected without seville insurrection, what then is to be done with them? Are they to be permitted to choose their own domiciliation, and, if they are, may they not come into Kentucky in vast masses and as effectually destroy the institution here as if our State had not been excepted out of the immediate operation of the manifesto?—Most assuredly such would be the result. If the migratory wave comes this way, how can it be checked? According to the President's view it will be an effort at freedom and the army is forbidden to interfere. If, on the other hand, it is the intention to permit them to remain where they are, and all the landed estate is to be forfeited, will it not be given to them as its lawful inheritors? What then is to become of the white race? Either extermination or removal must follow, or if they remain they will be reduced to the most abject poverty; instead of raising the standard of the "ignorant whites," as some call them, it will reduce them all to that level.

But the saddest and most deplorable effect of the proclamation will be to fire the whole South into one burning mass of inextinguishable hate and study for re-

venge, and to utterly destroy all hope of restoring the Union. This war was undertaken for that purpose alone—it was to put down the rebellion in order that the ancient limits of the nation and the integrity of the Constitution might be maintained. But what hope can there be of bringing about such desirable results, if the attempt is made to strip the entire South bare of all estate, real, personal and mixed? It will produce such a spirit of antagonism—such a fierce and uncompromising resistance, that no after propositions will be heeded, and will, of necessity, compel the Southern people to fight as those only can fight who fight for their homes and their families and all that makes life dear. And then, too, what a future does it present to the occupants of the Mississippi Valley? Of what value will be the use of the great artery of our commerce, when it leads us through desolated fields or to the barren agriculture of a lazy, ignorant race who produce nothing to tempt enterprise, and whose sole idea of liberty is to live without labor? The entire upper region of the Ohio and Mississippi is virtually interwoven in the defeat of this monstrous edict. It will reach to every farm and workshop of that vast region, and it will destroy the best market for whatever the industry of the people might produce. I will not pursue these views any further—they are suggestions that must sink deep into the mind of every statesman.

But by far the most alarming aspect in which the proclamation presents itself is its usurpation of the powers of the Government upon the specious pretext that the President "sincerely believes it to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution upon 'military necessity.'"

If military necessity is not to be measured by constitutional limits, we are no longer a free people. The sword has become paramount, and the civil authority subordinate. The monstrous doctrine has already received an indignant rebuke from the people themselves. The great States of New York, Ohio, Indiana, New Jersey and Illinois, in their recent elections, have put their veto upon it; and later returns indicate that Connecticut and other parts of New England will soon add their emphatic condemnation. Indeed, it is apparent that the people are aroused to the sense of the danger that threatens their constitutional liberties, and will, in good time, come to the rescue. Until that day, which is unquestionably near at hand, arrives, it becomes Kentucky to maintain the position she has hitherto occupied. Let her not abate one jot or tittle of her opposition to Secession or Abolition; but let her poise herself upon the great truth that man is capable of self-government, and that God designs this country for a great, free and happy people, and shape her policy to that great end. In the meantime the Legislature would do well to follow the example of our Kentucky fathers, and place upon her records a protest against the proclamation, and re-affirm the great principles of American liberty—State and national.

In conclusion, I may be permitted to remark that the distressing calamities of the past year teach us an important lesson. During the long period of our national independence, God has favored us as he has favored no other nation.—He blessed the Union of these States; and under the Constitution of our fathers the people were prosperous and happy.—Man, in the madness of his ambition, or through the insanity of discontent, undertook to sever the bonds by which we were united, and ruin and desolation have followed. The wrath of man has been let loose, and it has shown us what a fearful penalty awaits those who misuse the goodness of Providence. Yet our Heavenly Father has claims upon our gratitude for the mercies He has mixed with his chastisement. He has caused the earth to be prodigal in its yield. The seed time and the harvest have come in their season, and the garner have been filled to overflowing with the abundance of the past year. He has tempered the winds and so directed all the elements of life, that the pestilence that walketh at noon-day has not placed its foot within our borders, and health has been vouchsafed to us in an unusual degree. For these and all His blessings to us, we, the people should praise Him.

J. F. ROBINSON.  
January 3, 1863.

### MARRIED

On the 8th inst., by Elder Wm. Steele, Mr. JOHN M. TOMLINSON of Louisville, to Miss LUCY F. PEMBERTON of Henderson. Louisville Journal and Democrat, and Lexington Observer please copy.

### DIED

In this city, on Sunday night, 11 inst., DAVID J. LAMBERT, son of Rev. Joel Lambert—aged 21 years 2 months and 9 days.

—In this city on the night of the 1st inst., Mr. LEON H. SNEED—aged 25 years 9 months and 10 days.

Leonard Sneed was a young man of many noble attributes of character, and was loved and esteemed by all who knew him. Possessing strong attachments for his friends, he was amiable in temperament, genial in disposition, kind-hearted and generous. But he has gone to that rest which knows no waking. He sleeps his last sleep in the silent city of the dead. No earthly turmoil or strife disturbs his peaceful slumber in that quiet repose of frail mortality. He died in the blessed hope of a blissful immortality, evincing in his last moments that calm serenity and happy tranquility experienced by those only who have received the priceless boon of God's forgiveness. And while his relatives and friends mourn that all that was mortal of Leonard Sneed is no more, let them rejoice that the freed spirit of the dutiful son, the affectionate brother, the cherished friend and associate, has pierced the veil and is clothed in robes of righteousness "on the other side."



ITEMS.

BY "THINKS-TO-MYSELF-WHO?"

On the first Tuesday after Christmas, three young men, living in the city and county, determined on having a jolly time of it at a party given at the house of one of the prominent citizens of Cairo. Evidently thinking that "Christmas comes but once a year," and to create a sensation among the Cairoites, they all went in their shirt-sleeves, riding mules bareback with blind bridles. These young gentlemen luxuriated under the following cognomens—Dick, Henry, and Possum. To make time glide along more rapidly, they procured that essential inspirer of felicitous thought, denominated by a celebrated temperance editor, "moon whiskey." Taking the precious treasure with them, they frequently "smiled" over it, and from the manner in which they "cut up," it was evident that this kind of "smile," like the coquette's, intoxicated. After riding some distance, they met on the road several young ladies going to the same party. Possum, wishing to exhibit his proficiency in male-manship, dashed away violently ahead of the ladies, when his mule, not relishing the play, put a finale to it by casting him headlong into a muddy ditch, and then ran off, leaving poor Possum to cogitate on the mutability of mulish fancy. With true Possum grit, he arose, muttering, "I'll have to grin, and bear it, I suppose." Henry, scorning the unhappy terminus of Possum's brief dash, clapped his spurs to his mule, and rode off, but his mule, following in the wake of Possum's, capered about awhile, and precipitated him into a filthy puddle of mud and water, where a great many cows had recently congregated, leaving him to ruminate on the odoriferousness of some of the things in nature. Dick, fearing lest he should meet with the same fate, held his reins; but his stomach, being much tossed and shook by the inhalation from the region where the jockeyless Henry had fallen, combined with the workings of the alcoholic fluid, he gave a heave, such as they say the Atlantic sometimes fakes, and scattered the ground with the contents. The ladies, we understand, were highly delighted with the performance.

....We've got an item of the romantic order this week, and if we were a novel writer, we would immediately begin the publication in one of the New York papers, of a thrilling romance, entitled, "Gromman, or the Lover's Revenge," but as we don't aspire to that honor, we'll have to leave out the extras, and merely give a succinct account of the terrible affair. It seems that the principal actor in the scene was Gromman, and, being a very fastidious young gentleman, must, necessarily have a sweetheart; and that sweetheart, being a fastidious young lady, neither eyes with love on the aforesaid young gentleman. Gromman returned the love of the heroine before mentioned lady. After many very affecting interviews, and after recapitulating the sum total of the love blazing in their hearts, the happy day was named by the fair lady, and the joyous Gromman went on his way rejoicing. Gromman went, it is said, by the following heart-rending delivery; and we being behind the door listening, at the time, give it verbatim et literatim:

"I tell you, my dear...., that the scintillating fire from your eyes has ignited the charcoal of my soul, and it is now blazing in my breast with the fervent heat of a Vesuvius, and if you will marry me it will add fuel to the flame, which will blaze on till the whole world shall be involved in a general conflagration, and its monument of ashes will tell to Eternity the tale of my deathless love."

This did the business and she accepted him. But we digress. The happy Gromman, with heart full of pleasure, and mouth full of tobacco, came to town to procure the necessary apparatus for uniting two persons in the holy bonds of matrimony. Having procured the license he dressed up in his Sundays, and proceeded to the home of his bride-that-was-to-be. Arriving at the house, his betrothed revoked her decision, and concluded not to marry the much-abused Gromman. Desperate in his intentions, the now infuriated Gromman, without mental reservation, concluded to commit suicide. He wanted her to see the horrible fruits of her heartlessness. Flinging off his coat, he proceeded down the road, in full view of his unwilling sweetheart, going a little further, he pulled off his vest, advancing still further, till he came to a good-sized log, he laid his head on it, and drawing a revolver portentously, blazed away fairly at it three times. By some unaccountable accident, an oversight of his, perhaps, the balls whistled harmlessly over his head. His sweetheart in the distance fearing lest he would waste all his powder and lead—and to save the other three shots in his pistol—immediately determined to marry Gromman. Rushing up to him, she told him of her resolution. Gromman, again joyous, put on his coat and vest, (which he had pulled off to prevent his brains from soiling) went to the house and was married. "Whorror!" for Gromman. May the grease of happiness make slick their road, as they gently slide down the Hill of Time.

....It becomes our duty to ourselves to notice the attempts of a few grovelling muck-worms in this city to traduce our character. Several of these tattling fools have been saying around that we were compelled to make the retraction we made a few weeks since. We did so, not from fear, but from being conscious that we had done an injury to the gentleman concerned. Such men as these that grow round and cant about others, breathe nothing but slander and base dissimulation—they are most painful ulcers in the public nose, which are of such a rotten character that they will soon burst, and bedaub themselves with their own filthy corruption. We will let their names wallow and batten in their own pretences, but should we hear more of it, we will dare the loathsome volume of stink that arises from handling them, and let the public know who they are.

....At one of the Christmas parties recently, a lady and gentleman went out doors, the weather being cold enough to freeze the water in one's mouth, more or less, and after talking about two hours, finally came to the conclusion that if dad and mam didn't say yes, they would leave home and pass through the fire of matrimony, (which fire doth melt two hearts into one). In short, to take a flying trip to that refuge of lovers—Shawneetown. *Amnes fortuna juvat.* They didn't know somebody's ears were wide open round the corner.

....While this individual was carrying his profligacy up street, stretching himself finely, to see how he looked before going to the party on last Friday night, a telegraph post ran suddenly around the corner and struck him full on the nose. Getting up, and feeling if his organ of smell was still in its proper place, he washed off the blood, and on looking in the mirror discovered that the bump he had received on his nasal extremity, gave him an admirable Roman nose. He never knew before that Roman noses were so much loved by a certain young lady—thinks he'll apply his nose to the telegraph post pretty often. In return for the compliment to our wounded nose we will say:

—"her angel breast  
Has never throbb'd with guilty sting,  
Her bosom is the sweetest rest  
Where Cupid could repose his wing."

....One night last week a fight came off in the vicinity of Dechamps's store, that should the full particulars be known, would astonish and befuddle the brains of Heenan and Stryes. The parties concerned are named respectively, Joe and Ed. After sparring around for awhile, Ed, full of war, exclaimed "Come on, here's your match." Joe, over-pagacious, advanced with "tears in his fist, and his eyes doubled up," but the valiant Ed, believing discretion the better part of valor, reined in good order. Joe pursuing, brought up his right wing and hit Ed a "sockd-lager" in the center. Ed, fired with the retaliatory spirit of the times, proceeded to out-fank Joe, and flinging round his left wing struck him a powerful blow also in the center. The parties with this, being satisfied, withdrew from the field, without the loss of a single man. From eye witnesses of the scene we are told that the field is terribly torn up, Murfreeboro' being scarcely a parallel to it.

**TOBACCO MARKET.**  
LOUISVILLE, January 13.—Sales yesterday of 103 hhds: 2 hhds at \$8.20 @ 80, 11 at \$9.95, 18 at \$10.10 to 75, 10 at \$11.11 to 75, 14 at \$12.12 to 75, 10 at \$13.13 to 75, 6 at \$14.14 to 75, 10 at \$15.15 to 75, 4 at \$16.16 to 75, 9 at \$17.17 to 75, 5 at \$18.18 to 75, 1 at \$19.25, 1 at \$22.1 at \$23.25, and 1 at 25.25.

**STRAY NOTICE.**  
TAKEN up as a stray by William Faulkner, living seven miles south of the city of Henderson, one Bay Mare, supposed to be about four years old in the Spring; both hind feet white and white ring around the left front foot and about fourteen hinds high. Appraised by me at forty dollars. Given under my hand as Justice of the Peace for Henderson county, this 8th day of January, 1863.  
SOL. S. SIZEMORE, J. P. H. C.  
Jan. 15.—4w\*

**Sale of a Runaway Slave!**  
WILL be sold to the highest bidder, at the Court House door, in the city of Henderson, on the first day of next February—Term of the Henderson County Court, as a runaway slave, a certain negro man, now in jail. He is about 33 years old, five feet 8 inches high, a dark copper color, has good teeth, good manners and good countenance, has a small scar on the point of his nose, occasioned he says by a kick from a mule, and a scar on the back of his neck, and weighs about 165 pounds. The purchaser will be required to give bond with good security to have the force and effect of a return in hand.  
J. M. JOHNSON, S. H. C.  
Jan. 15, 1863.—2m.

**STRAY NOTICE.**  
TAKEN UP as a stray by W. H. Grigsby, living about 7 miles south of Henderson, one bay MARE, about fifteen or twenty years old, left hind foot white, large star in the forehead and snip on the nose, and some saddle marks. No other marks or brands were visible. Appraised by me at 25 dollars. Given under my hand as Justice of the Peace for Henderson county, this January 3d, 1863.  
SOL. S. SIZEMORE, J. P. H. C.  
January 8th, 1863.—4w\*

**STRAYED.**  
FROM the lot of Mr. William McClain, of this city, a black mule, about seven years old, branded with letters I, W, F on the left hip. Any one delivering the mule to the undersigned, or F. C. Denton, shall be liberally rewarded.  
HENRY POWELL.  
January 8th, 1863.—1f

**COMMITTED.**  
COMMITTED to the jail of Livingston county, Ky., on the 17th day of December, 1862, a negro man named THORN TON. He is of dark copper color, about five feet 6 inches high, will weigh about 165 lbs., about 2 years of age, and says he belongs to William Rufford, of Christian county, Ky. The owner of said negro can come forward, prove property, pay charges and get him, or he will be dealt with according to law.  
T. A. LEEPER, J. L. C.  
January 8th, 1863.—1f

**An Ordinance**  
To repeal and amend an Ordinance entitled "Offences and Punishments."  
Be it ordained by the Mayor and Council of the City of Henderson: That so much of section 10 of Ordinance No. 15, entitled "Offences and Punishments," adopted May 13th, 1862, as may be so construed as to relate to Door Steps, be and the same is hereby repealed; and  
Be it further ordained, That the following amendment be and the same is hereby adopted as part of said Ordinance to-wit:  
Any person may put up Door Steps in front of their residences occupying not more than four feet of the pavement, but in no case shall the width of the pavement outside of such steps be thereby reduced to less than eleven feet.  
Passed January 6th, 1863, and in force from January 15th, 1863.  
D. B. BANKS, Mayor.  
A True Copy:  
F. W. REUTLINGER, Clerk.  
January 8th, 1863.—2w

**COMMITTED.**  
COMMITTED to the jail of Livingston county, Ky., on the 22d of December, 1862, a negro man who says his name is BEN. He is about 25 years of age, about 5 feet 10 inches high, of black color, sharp long face, will weigh about 150 or 160 pounds. Says he belongs to Wm. Jones, 16 miles from Nashville, Tenn. to-wit:  
The owner of said negro can come forward, prove property, pay charges and get him, or he will be dealt with according to law.  
T. A. LEEPER, J. L. C.  
January 8th, 1863.—1f

**COMMITTED.**  
COMMITTED to the jail of Livingston county, Ky., July 17th, 1862, a negro man named JACK. He is about 5 ft. 8 inches high, will weigh about 150 pounds, is of black color, and has some of his front teeth out. Says he belongs to Richard Phelps, of New Madrid county, Missouri.  
The owner of said negro can come forward, prove property, pay charges and get him, or he will be dealt with according to law.  
T. A. LEEPER, J. L. C.  
January 1, 1863.—1f

**Committed.**  
COMMITTED to the jail of Livingston county, Ky., on the 8th of December, 1862, a negro man who says his name is CHARLES. Said negro is about 25 years of age, is black, will weigh about 170 pounds, and is 5 feet 10 inches high. Says he belongs to Mrs. Ellen Harris, of Todd county, Kentucky.  
The owner of said negro can come forward, prove property and pay charges, or he will be dealt with according to law.  
T. A. LEEPER, J. L. C.  
January 1, 1863.—1f

**FOUND!**  
A SMALL sum of money which the owner can have by describing same and applying to the undersigned, reading near the Barren meeting house.  
Jan. 1, 1863.—3w JOSEPH FARLEY.

**ORIENTAL MILL,**  
HENDERSON, KY.

**HAVING** purchased of J. H. Butler his interest in the above property, I will continue the MILLING BUSINESS in all its various branches, and hope, by industry and close attention to business, to merit and receive reasonable share of the public patronage. I will endeavor to make the VERY BEST of  
**FLOUR AND MEAL,**  
and sell it at such prices as to make it to the interest of all to buy of me. I will keep a supply of Flour and Meal at all times, at Whiting & Cox's grocery, and at the Mill.  
My Prices, for the Present, will be:  
For Flour, delivered to citizens, from \$2.10 to \$2.60 @ 100 lbs.  
Flour, by the Sack, from \$2.35 to \$2.55.  
Flour, by the Barrel, from \$1.25 to \$1.75.  
Shirts, 100 lbs for \$1.00.  
Shipstuffs, 115 lbs. for \$1.00, or 85 cents @ hundred.  
Bran, 154 lbs. for \$1.00, or 65 cts. @ 100.  
Corn Meal, 45 cents @ bushel.  
N. B.—The cash must attend all orders, unless by special agreement with me to the contrary.

**THE HIGHEST MARKET PRICE PAID FOR GOOD WHEAT.**  
JOHN C. STAFF.  
December 19th, 1862.

**CELEBRATED RAMSLEY SPECTACLES**  
  
KEPT constantly on hand and for sale—Satisfaction guaranteed in every case.  
**WATCHES, CLOCKS & JEWELRY REPAIRED.**  
Silverware and Jewelry Made to order. Patrons solicited.  
A. J. SHARRARD.  
Main Street, between 2d and 3d.  
Henderson, Nov. 27, 1862.

**STRAY NOTICE!**  
TAKEN up as strays by John W. S. Farley living upon the Ohio river, about four miles above the city of Evansville, on the Kentucky shore, two black Canadian PONEYS, about fourteen and fifteen hands high, marked with white in the face and snip on the nose. Each has white hind feet and branded with large diamond sign upon the left thigh; one about seven years old, the other about six years old. Appraised by me, one at sixty dollars, the other at \$75. Given under my hand as Justice of the Peace for Henderson county, this 13th day of December, 1862.  
SOL. S. SIZEMORE J. P.  
Dec. 18th.—4w

**Strayed.**  
STRAYED from Dr. A. H. Bailey's farm, in situated near Corydon, Henderson county, Ky., in the latter part of August last, one MULE, about 14 hands high, chestnut sorrel color, with the following marks, viz: one scar supposed to be a burn, on the right or left jaw, uncertain which, right hind foot straight and the hind was off just above the hoof in a circle round the ankle. She is supposed to have strayed for Davies county, near Callison's Ferry. I am willing to give a liberal reward for said mule, delivered at Dr. Bailey's, or for information that will obtain her.  
Dec. 11, '63.—4w C. C. BALL.

**ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE.**  
ALL those knowing themselves indebted to the estate of Jas. W. Clay, dec'd., are requested to come forward and make settlement, and those holding claims against said estate are notified to justify them as the law requires and present them for settlement.  
C. M. CLAY, Administratrix.  
Henderson, Ky., July 17, 1862.

**CITY DRUG STORE.**  
**F. B. CROMWELL,**  
(Successor to Cromwell & Marra.)  
**DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,**  
Main Street, Henderson, Ky.

**SIGN OF THE RED MORTAR!**  


MY STOCK IS NOW FULL AND COMPLETE, EMBRACING, IN PART, AS follows: PURE AND FRESH  
**DRUGS, MEDICINES AND CHEMICALS,**  
Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Window Glass, Putty and Palaters' Articles; Perfumery, Brushes, Combs, Soaps, and Toilet Articles; Pure Wines, Brandy and other Liquors, for Medicinal purposes only; Letter, Cap and Note Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, superior Lugs; all the popular Patent Medicines of the day, Coal Oil, Lamps, Chimneys, Wicks, and everything pertaining to the lamp trade. Tobacco, Cigars and Snuff, of the choicest brands, &c.  
Physicians' Prescriptions Compounded at all Hours, Day or Night.  
My Goods have been bought LOW FOR CASH, and selected with an eye to the wants of this people, consequently I am enabled to sell at the VERY LOWEST CASH PRICES. Physicians and Country Merchants supplied at fair prices.  
**ALL GOODS WARRANTED AS REPRESENTED.**  
October 2, 1862.—1v F. B. CROMWELL.

**House-Furnishing Depot**  
**N. H. BARNARD,**  
Manufacturer and Dealer in  
**STOVES, CRATES,**  
CASTINGS, HOLLOW WARE,  
**TIN, COPPER**  
Sheet-Iron Ware,  
MAIN STREET,  
HENDERSON, KENTUCKY.

I HAVE just received a large stock, embracing every article in the house-furnishing line, consisting in part of  
**COOK STOVES** of various patterns, HEATING STOVES, coal or wood, PLAIN AND FANCY TIN-WARE, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, SKILLETS, LIDS AND OVENS, Chain Pumps, Tea Kettles, Stew Pots, and every other article usually found in a similar establishment.  
**TERMS POSITIVELY CASH.**  
P. S.—Particular attention paid to Job Work.  
December 18, 1862.


**Waverly Magazine,**  
For Family Amusement and Instruction.  
EDITED BY MOSES A. DOW.

IT is the largest Weekly paper ever published in this country. Its contents are such as will be approved in the most fastidious circles—nothing immoral being admitted into its pages. It will furnish as much reading matter as almost any one can find time to peruse, consisting of TALES, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, together with Music and Poetry. The paper contains no ultra sentiments, and meddles neither with politics nor religion, but is characterized by a high moral tone. It circulates all over the country, from Maine to California.  
**TERMS.**—The Waverly Magazine is published weekly by Moses A. Dow, No. 5 Lindall-street, Boston, Mass. Two editions are printed, one on thick paper for Periodical Dealers, at 6 cents a copy, and an edition for mail subscribers (on a little thinner paper so as to come within the low postage law) at \$2 a year, or \$1 for six months, always in advance. Clubs, by mail, 5 for 6 months, \$5. Six for 12 months, \$9. Ten for 6 months, \$9. Ten for 12 months, \$15. Paper stopped when the last number paid for is sent. A new volume commences every July and January. But if a person commences at any number in the volume, and pays for six months, he will have a complete book, with a title-page. Three copies 12 months for \$5.  
When a subscriber orders a renewal of his subscription he should tell us what was the last number he received, then we shall know what number to renew at without hunting over our books. Otherwise we shall begin when the money is received. Persons writing for the paper must write their name, post-office, county and State, very distinctly. Those who wish their papers changed should tell where it has previously been sent. Postage on this paper is twenty-six cents a year, payable in advance at the office where taken out.  
Clubs must always be sent at one time to get the benefit of the low price. We cannot send them at the club price unless received all together, as it is too much trouble to look over our books or keep an account with each one getting them up.  
**MONTHLY PARTS.**—\$3 a year, or two for \$5 in advance. Any one sending us Four Dollars can have one copy of the WAVERLY MAGAZINE, and either of the following works for one year by mail: "Peerson's Ladies' Magazine," "Harper's Magazine," "Godley's Lady's Book," "Ladies' Gazette of Fashion," or "Atlantic Monthly."  
**THE WAY TO SUBSCRIBE.**—The proper mode to subscribe for a paper is to enclose the money in a letter and address the publisher direct, giving individual with written the post office, county and state very plainly written, as post-marks are often illegible.

**TOBACCO WANTED!**  
I WISH to buy 1,000,000 lbs. of TOBACCO, for which I will pay the CASH as the tobacco is delivered. Call and see me before you write. JOHN C. STAFF.  
Henderson, Ky., Nov. 13th, 1862.

**COMMITTED.**  
WAS committed to the jail of Livingston county, Ky., on the 8th of December, 1862, a negro man who says his name BEN. Said negro is of black color, will weigh about 175 pounds, about 27 years of age, 5 feet 10 inches high. Says he belongs to Ben. Thomas, of Trigg county, Ky.  
The owner is notified to come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take said negro away, or he will be dealt with as the law requires.  
T. A. LEEPER, J. L. C.  
January 1, 1863.—1f

**FAMILY FLOUR!**  
OF the best brands ALWAYS ON HAND.  
B. KOLTINSKY.  
January 1st, 1863.—1f

**Henderson Female COLLEGE!**  
  
**H. B. PARSONS, A. M.,**  
PRESIDENT.

THIS institution will commence its third session of ten months on Monday, September 1st, 1863.  
The following lists will represent charges for the respective branches taught in this institution:  
Academic branches, including the entire Mathematical course,.....\$50 00  
Latin,.....20 00  
Greek,.....20 00  
French,.....20 00  
Students taking the entire Collegiate course,.....70 00  
The above has reference to a session of ten months.  
Proper deductions will be made in case of protracted illness on the part of pupils.  
If Each Student will be charged \$1 for incidental expenses.  
Henderson, June 26, 1862.—y

**STILL OPEN!**

**FRESH ARRIVAL OF GROCERIES**  
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION!  
**B. KOLTINSKY,**  
WHOLESALE & RETAIL  
DEALER IN  
Groceries and Liquors!

At Atkinson's Old Stand, Mill Street,  
HENDERSON, KY.  
**CHEAPEST MART**  
IN THE CITY!

I WOULD respectfully announce to the citizens of Henderson and surrounding country that I am truly thankful for the liberal patronage extended to me during the first three months of my stay in this city, and hope to largely increase my trade for the future.  
I have just received new additions to my already large stock, and now offer to the people almost every article in the Grocery line at

**Prices to Suit the Times.**  
My terms are CASH EXCLUSIVELY, and my motto,  
**QUICK SALES & SMALL PROFITS.**

I invite the attention of purchasers to my stock, and request an examination before purchasing elsewhere  
B. KOLTINSKY.  
Oct. 2, 1862.

**FOREIGN & DOMESTIC LIQUORS.**  
MY stock of Liquors is very large, consisting of fine French Brandy, imported direct from Europe; Apple and Peach Brandy, Catawba, Madeira, Blackberry and Raspberry Brandy; Holland Gin, Rum, Bourbon and Rye Whisky; Port and Sherry Wine, Rhine Wine, Bitters.  
The attention of country merchants is especially called to this branch of my business.  
Oct. 2, 1862. B. KOLTINSKY.

**COUNTRY PRODUCE**  
OF every description taken in exchange for Groceries, at the highest market prices.  
Oct. 7, 1862. B. KOLTINSKY.

**OPENING OF A NEW SALOON!**  
In Sandefur's Old Building, East Side of Main, between Mill and First Streets, Henderson, Ky.  
J. F. YAGER.

HAVING opened a first-class saloon, for the sale of Liquors, Brandy, Cigars, &c., I am prepared to furnish all who may honor him with a call, with choice Liquors, and Cigars of the finest brands. He also keeps constantly on hand a fresh supply of MALTBY'S  
**BALTIMORE OYSTERS!**  
Served up at all hours to suit the caprice of the customer. He solicits a fair share of the public patronage. The highest cash price paid for game of all kinds.  
[Dec'r 4-3m]

**NOTICE!**  
ON Monday, the 2d day of March, 1863, (the same being the first day of the Union County Court,) I will, at the court-house door of Morganfield, Union county, Ky., by virtue of an order of the Union Co. Court, sell to the highest bidder giving a bond having the force of a replevin bond, with approved security, on a credit of six months, a NEGRO MAN SLAVE named Henry, of dark copper color, twenty-eight years old, weighing one hundred and seventy pounds, five feet nine inches high—who was committed to the jail of my county as a runaway, and is to be sold to fulfill the law in such cases made and provided.  
JOHN VAN CARTMELL,  
Sheriff of Union County.  
JOHN M. BUCKMAN,  
Deputy.  
Dec. 11-'62.—4ds

**COMMITTED.**  
COMMITTED to the jail of Livingston county, Ky., July 17th, a negro man who says his name is CAGEY. He is of light copper color, hair somewhat gray, is about 50 years of age, 6 feet high, and will weigh about 165 pounds. Says he belongs to Stephen Haneck, of Murray county, Tenn.  
The owner of said slave can come forward, prove property, pay charges and get him, or he will be dealt with according to law.  
T. A. LEEPER, J. L. C.  
January 1st, 1863.—1f



# The Atlantic Telegraph.

Mr. Heskyns, R. N., who recently surveyed portions of the western coasts of Ireland; on board the Porcupine, has made a communication to the Atlantic Telegraph Company on the subject, and the following are extracts from the same: "I think there can be no reasonable doubt now that the descent from the Irish back to the bed of the ocean is all that we can desire for the safety of the cable.—So far from its being a precipice, a locomotive might run up some of the inclines, and many turnpike roads have steeper ascents. The face of this slope, and indeed the bed of the ocean every where when below the depth of five hundred or six hundred fathoms, is covered with the soft clayey substances called by seamen 'ooze.' This deposit, in the opinion of Professor King and other naturalists, is going on so copiously and unceasingly that a cable once laid would, in the course of a few years, be covered up, and so forever sealed against the action of all external agencies."

The letter speculates on the best kind of cable for the service, and winds up as follows: "I think, therefore, that the lightest cable that can be made would be the most likely to solve this problem successfully. The shore-ends, and where it crosses shoal water, must of course be protected. The comparatively small cost of such a cable, and the ease with which it may be run out, makes it worth a trial; if one should succeed, of which I have no doubt, we might soon have duplicates and triplicates."

Mr. C. F. Varley, the electrician, has also addressed a fresh communication to the company, showing the improvements that have recently taken place in the insulation of cables, and the conducting power of copper. Mr. Varley says: "The cost of working cables across the Atlantic with a large core, whose speed is twelve words per minute, will be no greater than that of working a smaller core of only one or two words per minute. The larger core giving twelve words per minute will cost but little more for the external covering and submersion than the smaller core giving but one or two words per minute. Three hundred and fifty thousand pounds will make and lay a cable across the Atlantic, with a conductor weighing ninety-three pounds to the mile. Seven hundred thousand pounds will make and lay a cable with a conductor of five hundred and sixty pounds to the mile. Hence there would be a manifest economy in using a cable whose speed of transmission is pretty rapid."

"To go beyond the speed of twelve words a minute would not be attended with a corresponding economy, because the operators cannot work with so much efficiency at higher speeds. The Atlantic Telegraph Company would have but two stations in a distance of nearly two thousand miles, and could consequently afford to pay such a price as would secure the services of the most skilled operators to be found, together with the most improved instruments which science can produce—two very important items in the commercial success of the undertaking."

The English Government has ordered to be manufactured, as soon as possible, over twelve hundred miles of submarine cable, to be used in completing the telegraphic communication between England and India.

**A FEMALE FURY.**—A letter from Madrid, in the *Debates*, says: "A woman known as the 'She Wolf' has been the terror of Galicia and the neighboring provinces for the last twenty years. Always on horseback, and followed by a small number of bandits, she was at the head of all the robberies and murders committed in that part of Spain. Woe to the travelers and muleteers who crossed her path! Any attempt at resistance was sure to be punished by death, which was often accompanied by the most atrocious tortures. Josepha Perez, as the woman was named, committed the most revolting acts of ferocity on her victims. Often she had to defend herself against armed forces, and the advantage has always been on her side until now, when the Mayor of San Jacobo de Compostella, who was in search of a criminal, discovered the cave which served as a place of concealment to the 'She Wolf,' and in which she was arrested with one of her accomplices."

**Influence of Hymns.**—Magdeburg is memorable in the story of hymns, for it was at the cruel sacking of it by Tilly that the school children marched across the market-place singing, and so enraged him that he bid them all to be slain; and from that day, say the chroniclers, the fortune departed from him, nor did he smile again. Other hymns were more fortunate, for we read of a certain rough captain who would not budge a crown of the thirty thousand he levied off a captured town, till at last the arch-deacon summoned the people together, saying, "Come, my children, we have no more either audience or grace with men, let us plead with God," and when they had entered the church, and sung a hymn, the fine was remitted to a thousand.—The same hymn played as mercurial a part in another town, which was to be burned for contumacy. When mercy had been asked in vain, the clergyman marched out with twelve boys to the general's tent, and sang there before him, when, to their amazement, he fell upon the pastor's neck and embraced him. He had discovered in him an old student friend, and spared the place; and still the afternoon service at Pagan is commemorated with the memorable hymn that saved it. Of another, it is said that a famous robber having been changed himself, sang it among his men, so that many of them were changed also. Rough hearts, indeed, seem often the most susceptible. A major in command of thirty dragoons entered a quiet village, and demanded within three hours more

than the vicar could give in a year. To cheer her father, one of his daughters took her guitar, and sang to it one of Gerhardt's hymns. Presently the door softly opened; the officer stood at it, and motioned her to continue; and when the hymn was sung, thanked her for the lesson, ordered out the dragoons, and rode off.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

**Ideas of Progress.**—The *Commercial*, in chronicling the opinion of Mr. Attorney General Bates, "deciding void the Dred Scott Decision," says:

This is another sign of progress. Under the principles and acts of an Administration like the present, there will be no more refusal of passports to "free Americans of African descent," and the bitter persecution of colored seamen in Southern ports would be likely to cease."

Progress No. 1.—Suspension by the President of the writ of *habeas corpus*.

Progress No. 2.—Incarceration without process.

Progress No. 3.—Kidnapping of white people for incarceration.

Progress No. 4.—Declaring negroes the equal of whites.

Progress No. 5.—The nullification by an Attorney General of a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States.

And there is a great deal of other "progress"—not the least of which is that which sets "the war power" of a President over the Constitution, and which turns proclamations into statute law, common law, national law, fundamental, constitutional law. This is a great age of Progress—backward and downward—the progress of a crab—one start ahead, two starts in the rear.—*New York Express.*

**AMERICAN HOPEFULNESS.**—One of the American characteristics which most surprised the good-natured Mr. Trollope, in his recent journey through this country, is the imperturbable good humor and hopefulness of the people who are ruined by the calamities of the war. They never weep, or wring their hands, or tear their hair. One man, from whom the secessionists of Missouri had taken cattle and crops, and all the fruit of years, merely remarked, in a quiet way, while he picked his teeth with a bowie-knife, "Yes they are kinder rough with me."—That was all; he had nothing else to say. Mr. Trollope thinks a genuine American never complains and never desponds. Whatever happens in the external world, says Mr. T., "the man is always there."

**At a banquet** recently given at Tromsø, in Norway, a dish of fresh beef was served which was found last summer in tin cases, buried at Spitzbergen. According to indisputable indications, these cases were placed there by the Parry expedition, in 1836. The meat was perfectly fresh, and had not contracted any bad odor.

**From Vicksburg, via Richmond.**—WASHINGTON, Jan. 7.—The Richmond papers of Monday have the following: Vicksburg, January 2, 1863. To Hon. James A. Seddon, Sec'y of War: The enemy finding his efforts unavailing to make any inroad upon our position here, has re-embarked, leaving a considerable quantity of intrenching tools and other property, and apparently has relinquished his designs upon Vicksburg. [Signed] J. C. PEMBERTON, Lieut. Gen. Commanding.

**The Retreat from Vicksburg.**—We learn from the Confederate accounts, via Richmond, that the Federal army, under General Sherman, after its severe and bloody repulse at Vicksburg, retreated on board its boats, and went back to Memphis. This is one of the severest defeats we have suffered during the war. The reduction of Vicksburg was looked upon as a certainty after the formidable preparations directed against it, and the disappointment at the failure will be intense all over the country. It has cost the nation many millions of treasure and seven or eight thousand valuable lives. It is another incident showing the fruitless and profitless nature of the struggle in which we are engaged. *Cincinnati Enquirer*, 9th.

**In the town of Quimber, in Brittany,** a very singular custom prevails.—The men wear a very peculiar kind of one corner hat. The manner of wearing it gives very important information to the women of the neighborhood.

A widower wears his hat in such a way as to bring the corner right over the forehead, showing that his life has been overshadowed.

The married man wears his hat so that the corner is over his back, signifying that he can only look back for happiness.

The "jolly bachelor" causes the corner to come jangling over his ear, which may mean that he is open to proposals.

**From the Dayton (Ohio) Empire.**—The Great Battle near Murfreesboro. There is reason to believe that the four days fighting near Murfreesboro has been, with perhaps the exception of the seven days fighting before Richmond, the most terrific and stubbornly contested of any since the commencement of the war.—Both armies have won imperishable honors, and demonstrated to the world that no other nation can compare with Americans in cool, unflinching courage, daring, heroism and bravery.

The loss of life in these battles has been terrible, both sides fighting with the most obstinate bravery. And, so far as we can judge from the very unreliable and somewhat conflicting reports before us, no decisive result has been achieved. Both armies have performed prodigies of valorous daring and won imperishable honors, but in our opinion neither can claim a decisive victory. Thousands of lives have been sacrificed, and for what? Are we any nearer the subjugation of the South than before these battles and terrible loss of life? But we have no hope

that this fratricidal strife will end with the blood already shed. The Administration will claim a great victory at Murfreesboro, and thereupon all the Abolition war-papers in the country will raise the cry that the "backbone of the rebellion is broken"—the "war is about ended in the Southwest," &c. There will be found plenty of people to believe them, although they have been deceived by just such stuff, time and again, and, under a fresh impetus given by this false hope of speedily crushing the rebellion, thousands of lives more will be offered up in this fruitless contest. And after all the loss of blood and treasure, and the piling up of a huge national debt that the youngest among us will not live to see liquidated, it will have to be settled by compromise. How the Abolitionists hate that word!

**Washing "Windies."**—A short time ago a south-end house-keeper, who supposed that her windows required washing, employed a woman, well known in the neighborhood, to assist her own Biddy in performing the work. The inside cleansing was very satisfactorily done, the clatter of the two Irish tongues keeping time to the flourish of the wash clothes. When they came to the outside, however, a brilliant labor-saving idea struck the prolific mind of the assistant.

"Biddy, yer crater," she says to the servant maid, "my Patrick washes the windies of Mr. Jefferson, who lives just round the corner of the strale, and he uses a long piece of hose, as he calls it, and squirts the water up to the top windies. I know the mistress; she is a nice lady, and she will lend me the long hose, which looks like an ugly black snake, but it will throw up the water like the fountaining in the frog pond."

"Ah, Katy, go along with you, then," says Biddy, "but yer're always great in experimenting."

Off, then, drudged the woman, and soon she returned, perspiring in the heat of summer's sun, with fifty feet of stout Coehutte hose upon her arms and shoulders. It was then proposed to put the labor-saving machine into operation. Biddy, under directions, brought out a bucket of water and a tin funnel, and was set to holding the pipes, while the master spirit, with bucket and funnel, attempted to fill up the other end of the hose with water. Biddy directed the point of the pipe towards the unwashed windows, but the water followed the laws of gravity and came out where it went in. The dabbler in hydraulics grew tired and a little cross in the heat, and the projector thought of another plan.

"We'll get the big washtub, Biddy," says she, "full of water; the bucket does not hold enough. We'll put one end of the hose in the full tub, and the water will fly out of the other."

That experiment was also unsuccessful, and the disappointed Katy lugged back her heavy weight of hose, a sadler tho' not a wiser woman, remarking: "My Pat can throw the water up to the top of the house, but I cannot get it out of the other end of this foolish contrivance."

The movements, however, had not gone on without spectators; ladies telegraphed to each other as the work proceeded, and the "merry wives" had more than one laugh over the new movement in hydraulics.

**A young married woman,** whose husband has "gone to the war," heard in conversation the remark that the government wanted more cavalry and more infantry. She replied that she knew nothing about cavalry, but added with a sigh, that if more infantry was needed the government had better send some of the volunteers home again.

**It should be necessary only to grow old to get more indulgent.**—We shall seldom see a fault that we have not committed ourselves.

**If the world knock you down and jostle by you in its great race,** don't sit whining under people's feet, but get up, rub your elbows and begin again.

**Tobacco and Cigar Store.**—TO SMOKERS AND CHEWERS! JOHN REICHERT, Manufacturer of all Kinds of Cigars, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN TOBACCO AND CIGARS, HENDERSON, KENTUCKY.

REPECTFULLY informs the citizens of Henderson that he has removed to the stand formerly occupied by E. M. Allen, and has on hand a large stock of Tobacco and Cigars of all brands, Pipes of all kinds; Amber and Meerschaum Mouth-Pieces, and in fact every thing usually found in a first-class Tobacco and Cigar Store. He would also respectfully solicit a liberal patronage from the hands of the good people of Henderson. Feb. 8th, 1862—y

**Lightning Rods!**—WE keep constantly on hand several patterns of first-rate Lightning Rods, and hold ourselves in readiness to put them up on all kinds of buildings, to order. T. M. JENKINS & CO. Henderson, June 19, 1862.

**DR. CAMPBELL, SURGEON DENTIST!**—Office over Mr. Hart's Store. DR. CAMPBELL is still at his old stand, prepared to do all kinds of work embraced in the Dental Profession. Entrance to his office on Mill street. April 4, 1861—y

**ESTRAY NOTICE!**—TAKEN UP as a stray by Arthur J. Hicks, living in the neighborhood of Hardsville, one red and white colored HELLER, two years old in the spring. Appraised by the undersigned at seven dollars. Has been in the neighborhood since May last. This December 7, 1862. E. T. HAZLEWOOD, J. F. January 1, 1863—1w

**GROCERIES! CLOTHING STORE!**—NEW GOODS AT THE CITY GROCERY STORE! T. L. NORRIS, STAPLE AND FANCY GROCER, South-East Corner Main and Mill Streets, HENDERSON, KY.

I HAVE JUST RECEIVED, AND AM constantly receiving, a new stock of Fancy and Staple Groceries, bought with a view to The Wants of this Community, which I intend to sell at prices to suit the times. My Goods are purchased exclusively for cash, and I intend doing A STRICTLY CASH BUSINESS. Thankful for the liberal patronage I have received of the citizens of Henderson and the adjoining counties, I hope to merit the continuance of the same. I request those in the habit of buying by the package in Evansville to give me a call, and I will convince them it will be to their interest to purchase here.

My stock consists, in part, of the following articles: Double refined loaf and crushed and powdered Sugar, Brown Sugar, from fair to fully fair, Java, Laguira, St. Domingo and Rio Coffee, Ground Alum and Table Salt, Imperial, Gun Powder, Y. Hyson and Bk Tea, Chocolate, Golden Syrup, Sugar House Syrup, New Orleans Molasses, in bbls and kegs; Pure Cider Vinegar, Nails of every variety, Soda, Wine, Ginger, Boston, Butter and Sugar Crackers; Layer and M. R. Raisins, in whole, half and quarter boxes; Soft shelled Almonds, Filberts, Dates, Prunes and Figs; Currants and Citron, Macaroni and Veronelli, Pie Fruits, consisting of Whortleberries, Damson, Cherries, Peaches, Quinces, Gooseberries, Crab Apples, Blackberries, Raspberries, Rubarb; Currant, Quince, Plum and Pine Apple Jellies, Extracts for cooking purposes—Bitter Almond, Strawberry, Lemon, Damask Rose, Vanilla, English, American and French Brandy, Peaches and Apples, Strawberries, Canton Ginger, Lemons, Walnut, Tomato and Oyster Catsups, Fresh Tomatoes, Pepper, Oyster and Worcester Sauce, White Fish, Herring, Codfish and Mackerel, in bbls, 1/2 bbls and kits No. 1, 2 and 3; Dried Beef, Tongues, Fresh Cows Oysters direct from Baltimore, in 1 and 2 lb. cans, Fresh Lobsters and Sardines, Piccolilla, Chow Chow, Pine Apple, English Dairy and W. R. Cheese, Rice, Corn Starch, Pearl Hominy, White Beans, Cincinnati and Louisville Star and Mould Candies, in whole, half and quarter boxes; Palm, Family and German Soap, Honey, transparent and almond Toilet Soap, Shaving Soap, Pepper, Spice, Nutmegs, Mace, Ginger and Citron; Gum Drops Assorted Candies, in boxes of 5 to 40 lbs. Cedar, Ash and Pine Churns, Cedar and Pine Tubs, Cedar and Pine Buckets; Clothes and Market Baskets, Pure Old Port Wine, Sherry, Madeira, Malaga, Catawba and Ginger Wine, Champagne and Claret Wines, Pure French Brandy, Old Bourbon, Monongahela and Rye Whisky; Whiting, Blacking and White-Wash Brushes, Indigo, Sal. Soda, Soda, Cream Tartar, Yeast Powders, Axes and Ax-Handles, Horse and Mule Collars, Spun Cotton, Lanterns and Candlewick. Nov. 27, '62. T. L. NORRIS.

**TOBACCO AND CIGARS.**—I HAVE just received a large supply of extra fine VIRGINIA CHEWING TOBACCO. Also a fine article of CIGARS, among which are the following brands: Washington, Henry Clay, El Sol, Pine Apple, Habana, Principe, &c. Fine cut Turkish and Virginia SMOKING TOBACCO. Nov. 27, 1862. T. L. NORRIS.

**FAMILY FLOUR!**—THE best brands of FAMILY FLOUR just received. A full supply will be kept constantly on hand. Nov. 27, 1862. T. L. NORRIS.

**PURE MAYSVILLE COAL OIL** for sale by T. L. NORRIS.

**CORN MEAL**—a good article—always on hand. T. L. NORRIS.

**CLOTHING STORE!**—O. WENING, (Late of the firm of Hofmann & Wening,) MAIN STREET, Two doors below F. B. Cromwell's Drug Store, HENDERSON, KY.

THE citizens of Henderson and surrounding country are informed that I have commenced business on my own responsibility, in the house formerly occupied by W. J. Dallam. I have just received a new and seasonable stock of Ready-Made Clothing! for the Fall and Winter trade—embracing every article of apparel necessary for complete outfit for gentlemen and boys—consisting of all kinds of goods. In connection with Ready-Made Clothing, I have a variety of the latest styles of goods, and am prepared to make to order any article of clothing that may be desired. I have commenced business with a view to permanency, and intend to keep a supply of clothing and goods of the best quality. I employ the best of workmen and guarantee satisfaction in every instance. My terms are CASH, at prices as LOW as can be found in the city. C. WENING. Henderson, Ky., October 16—3m

**CONFECTIONERY!**—JOSEPH DESCHAMP, At the Old Stand, Mill Street, HENDERSON, KENTUCKY. WOULD inform the citizens of Henderson and surrounding country, that he keeps constantly on hand a full stock of all kinds of Cakes, Candies, Toys, and every other article usually found in the Confectioner's trade. The stock of Candies and Nick-Nacks is complete, embracing everything in that line that may be called for. He stock of FANCY ARTICLES is also large. Additions have been made to the stock of Toys and he now has a great variety. Especial attention will be paid to baking and ornamenting or decorating alone Cakes for WEDDINGS, PARTIES, &c. Terms as low as can be had elsewhere.

**Fresh Baltimore Oysters**—On hand at all times. Thankful for past favors, I hope to receive a large share of the public patronage, and feel confident of being able to render entire satisfaction to my customers. JOSEPH DESCHAMP. Henderson, October 23d, 1862.

**PHOTOGRAPHIC!**—GO TO KNIGHT'S GALLERY, FOR Life-size Photographs, colored in Oil, Plain Photographs, Cartes de Visit, Photographic Albums, Stereotypes, Ferretypes, Melanotypes, &c. Photographs of the Confederate Generals made to order for 25 cts. each. GALLERY OVER DALLAM & SOAPERS STORE. Henderson, Ky., June 26, 1862.

**BOOT AND SHOE-MAKING!**—K. GEIBEL, BOOT AND SHOE-MAKER, HENDERSON, KENTUCKY. Respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he may be found at his stand on Second street, two doors from the corner of Main, where he is prepared and ready at all times to execute any order in his line in a neat, durable and fashionable style. He is determined to do business exclusively ON THE CASH PLAN and in no instance will credit be extended. He feels grateful for past patronage and assures the public that no pains shall be spared to merit a continuance of the same. 39-7—

**CLOTHING!**—GEORGE HAK, MERCHANT TAILOR, AND DEALER IN Ready-Made Clothing, At the old Stand of A. Hick, on Mill street, Henderson, Ky.

MAY still be found at his place of business with ready-made Clothing and a stock of Goods, ever ready to serve those who may give him a call, with any article in his line. Terms cheap as any other house in the city. Patronage solicited. February 8th, 1862.

**AMERICAN HOUSE.**—East side Elm, between First and Second street HENDERSON, KENTUCKY. HAVING purchased the house heretofore known as the "Adams House," and thoroughly repaired and refitted the same, I most respectfully ask a liberal share of the public patronage. Every reasonable exertion will be made to render the guests comfortable, both BOARDERS and TRAVELERS, who may favor me with their patronage. J. H. FULWILER, Proprietor. Jan. 18, 1862.

**LEWIS ZELLER.**—Fashionable Shaving, Shampooing and Hair-Cutting Saloon, Main st., two doors below the Postoffice, HENDERSON, KY. WILL take great pleasure in serving his friends and the public generally in his line in a satisfactory manner. The Shop has recently been refitted in a fashionable manner, and patronage is respectfully solicited. January 19, 1862.

**THE JOB OFFICE**—IS UNDER THE SUPERINTENDANCE OF AN Experienced Printer. THE SELECTION OF PLAIN AND FANCY TYPE, &c., &c., &c., Leaves nothing to be desired in that line, and OUR PRICES are at the Lowest REMUNERATING RATES. All Orders Promptly and Expediently attended to. SEND IN YOUR ORDERS. OUR MOTTO IS NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS AND DISPATCH!

**Negroes! Negroes!**—THE undersigned has established a NEGRO DEPOT in the city of Lexington, Ky., and offers his services to the citizens of Henderson, and all others, wishing to purchase Negroes. He will buy and sell, on commission, for persons wishing to invest, on the most favorable terms. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to him. A. O. ROBARDS, Lexington, Ky. Refer to R. G. BYERLEY, Henderson, Ky. July, 10th, 1862.

**MARRIAGE!**—ITS LOVES AND HATES, SORROWS and angers, hopes and fears, regrets and joys; MANHOOD, how lost, how restored; the nature, treatment and radical cure of Gonorrhea, or seminal weakness; involuntary emissions, sexual debility and impediments to marriage generally; nervousness, consumption, fits, mental and physical incapacity, resulting from SELF-ABUSE—are fully explained in THE MARRIAGE GUIDE, by WM. YOUNG, M. D.—This most extraordinary book should be in the hands of every young person contemplating marriage, and every man or woman who desires to limit the number of their offspring to their circumstances. Every pain, disease and ache incidental to youth, maturity and old age, is fully explained; every particle of knowledge, that should be known is here given. It is full of engravings. In fact, it discloses secrets that every one should know; still it is a book that must be looked up, and not lie about the house. It will be sent to any one on the receipt of twenty-five cents in specie or postage stamps. Address DR. WM. YOUNG, No. 416 SPRUCE Street, above Fourth, Philadelphia. Dr. Young can be consulted on any of the diseases described in his publications, at his Office, No. 416 Spruce Street, above Fourth, Philadelphia. Office hours from 9 to 5, daily. April 16th, 1862—y. J. C. Pierce.

**H. F. TURNER, Attorney and Counselor at Law** HENDERSON, KY. Will practice in Henderson, Union, Hopkins and Daviess counties, Kentucky. [Office on Main street, nearly opposite P. H. Hillier's Bookstore. 39-7—y

**UNDERTAKING!**—WOOD AND METALIC COFFINS! HAVING sold my entire stock of Furniture to Mr. A. Palis, who will hereafter carry on that business at my old stand on Main St., I would announce that I am engaged in the Undertaking business exclusively, and at all times have on hand a variety of Metallic and Wood Coffins, and an ever ready to fill orders, which must invariably be accompanied by the cash. I have two HEARSEs, which may be had on funeral occasions either in the city or county. [Place of business on First street bet. West Hancock House and river. Residences First door below Hancock House. T. SCHAEFFER. Henderson, May 29, 1862.

**PRINTING!**—1863 THE PROPRIETORS OF THE Henderson Reporter ARE PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF JOB PRINTING EMBRACING ALL STYLES OF PLAIN, ORNAMENTAL & FANCY PRINTING, SUCH AS CARDS, BILLS OF LADING, Bill-Heads, Hand-Bills, Posters, Programmes, Show Bills, Catalogues, Pamphlets, Ball Tickets, FUNERAL NOTICES, CHECKS, Briefs, By-Laws, Labels, Manifests, Constitutions, INVITATIONS, WAGON RECEIPTS, And every other description of Printing. THE JOB OFFICE IS UNDER THE SUPERINTENDANCE OF AN Experienced Printer. THE SELECTION OF PLAIN AND FANCY TYPE, &c., &c., &c., Leaves nothing to be desired in that line, and OUR PRICES are at the Lowest REMUNERATING RATES. All Orders Promptly and Expediently attended to. SEND IN YOUR ORDERS. OUR MOTTO IS NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS AND DISPATCH!